

Pirates' Buried Bullion May Be Found on Palmyra Island

An Old Sailor's Account of a Cargo of Gold and Silver and a Shipwreck in the Pacific

By CAPT. F. D. WALKER.

IN the year 1816 the Spanish ship *Esperanza* sailed from Peru with a cargo of bullion and other merchandise. The value of the silver alone was more than 1,500,000 pesos, with gold of about the same amount. The vessel was bound for the East Indies.

On the fourth day after leaving Peru she was captured by an independent cruiser. The engagement was severe on both sides. The injury to the cruiser was such that she was abandoned, the captors boarding the *Esperanza* and shaping her course for Macao.

The crew of the *Esperanza* joined their captors and were to have their share of the prize.

On the forty-third day after leaving the South American coast it was blowing fresh, with constant rain. At 2 A. M. the vessel struck a sunken coral reef, the sudden stoppage of the ship causing the mainmast to break, thus rendering it helpless.

At daybreak the ship was found to be in the centre of a reef some three miles in diameter, with hillocks of land about one mile to the eastward. On clearing away the wreck it was found possible to haul her off, but the crew found it impracticable to continue the voyage owing to the several leaks which she had sprung. So after some four days of incessant toil she was warped close to the beach of one of the small islands and then dismantled.

The treasure was taken out and fairly divided; the silver was buried in a secure place, but the gold was apportioned among the men.

The men then built a small vessel from the wreck, and on the nineteenth day they launched their craft. Their provisions had been scarcely touched, as fish on the island was abundant and of good quality.

The total number of men was ninety on landing, the losses during the engagement having been very heavy. Of this number eighty embarked, having provisioned their craft, and each man took his share of gold with him. They sailed on the 120th day from the date of the wreck, leaving ten men behind to be eventually taken off when a suitable vessel could be found to remove them and the buried silver.

About one year from the date of the departure of the main body from the island the remainder of the men, who had built themselves comfortable quarters from the wreck, became so tired of waiting that they resolved to build another small craft, which they did. It took them three months, and drawing lots as to who should go, having previously arranged that four should remain on the island, six of them sailed away.

On the thirteenth day after leaving a storm arose and two men were washed overboard, the mast was blown away, and the survivors drifted they knew not where. As their stock of provisions was spoiled they became ill, but by the will of Providence an American whaler picked them up. After a few days from the time of their rescue one died. The other lingered till the arrival of the ship at Mission City (now San Francisco), at which place he was given in charge of the Mission hospital. He died on the thirtieth day after his admittance.

Previous to his death he confided to his attendant the particulars of the loss of the *Esperanza*, giving the latitude and longitude of the place and a description of the spot where the silver was buried, imploring him to endeavor to rescue the men on the island.

He was an Englishman and well educated and had not been home for many years. The name given to the hospital on his admittance was Edwards.

In the year 1833 there lay in the Boqueron, off Callao, Peru, an Italian man-o-war called *Archimede*. Being considered obsolete for modern warfare, she was sold out of the service and was purchased by the writer, Capt. F. D. Walker, who was engaged in collecting cargoes of iron for the Japanese market.

By the kindness of the captain of the port and incidentally an occasional payment to him of one hundred silver soles the frigate was allowed to remain in the Boqueron instead of the merchant ship harbor.

This was most pleasant, as that anchorage (for men-o-war only) is free from the nauseous fumes which periodically visit Callao. Some months after the acquisition of the *Archimede* I purchased from the United States Government the storeship *Onward*.

On taking possession of the *Onward* I took over her caretaker, an old man named Connor, whom I transferred eventually to the *Archimede*. His age was uncertain; he said he was about 70, but to form an opinion from his personal appearance I should say he was close to 80 or 90. Still he was lively and his life must have been adventuresome.

He had been everything you could imagine, though he never quitted the Pacific coast. He served the Peruvians, Chileans, Bolivians, wherever there was war, either as gunner in the navy or sergeant in the field, with equal fidelity. There was nothing he did not know from Magellan Straits to Panama.

It was my invariable custom then, as it is now, to get up at night, go on deck, perhaps light a pipe, and feel the invigorating influence of the cool night

air, and on such occasions I had many conversations with the old man.

When young he had served in nearly every service, whether in the regular navy or disguised pirating. One starlight night, after a slight conversation, he told me of a secret which he possessed and said that if I would assist him we could both be rich.

"Captain," said he, "I can tell you where you can fill the gunroom with bar silver and gold."

He then related to me the foregoing account of the *Esperanza*, he having been Edwards's attendant. He had gone to the Mission hospital with a broken arm and collarbone. He carefully wrote down Edwards's statement of the latitude and longitude of the place of shipwreck and drew a map of the buried treasure. After remaining in the country till 1819 he joined the service of the Argentines, first in one ship under Corney and lastly under the famous Bouchard. He spoke so highly of the latter that I was convinced that if Nelson ever had a superior his name was Bouchard.

I promised due secrecy as a matter of course and studied the diagram of the location of the treasure, but alas, poor Connor went to his future home without the treasure. Let us hope that a kindly Providence would not permit him to be burdened with riches, the possessor of which, we are informed, cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.

I was deeply grieved at Connor's death. On hearing of his illness I had gone to his house, not far from Jibboom street, whence I sent him to the hospital at Bella Vista, where he died after a short illness. The doctor, who at my request attended him, told me he died of old age, accelerated by pneumonia.

In the year 1889 I arrived in Honolulu after an unpleasant picnic of four months duration on Midway Island. Shortly after my arrival I had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of the late Hon. J. I. Dowsett, with whom I had many a long conversation about Hawaii, both ancient and modern, principally the former. I do not think there are many who possess such a fund of knowledge of old Hawaii or who could tell about it in such a perspicuous and interesting manner.

His account of Kamehameha's financial transaction with the crew of the *Santa Rosa* was particularly amusing

gold pieces and clearly explained that the gold piece was worth five times as much as one silver piece, and therefore demanded five bottles of rum. This the King would not assent to; one coin, one bottle, he said.

They, therefore, thought they would submit, but cut the piece of gold in five. This the King would not accept. He replied that he could not cut his bottle in five, so as there was no alter-

and also old man Connor and his treasure secret, and I still wonder whether it would be considered insanity to go and see if the treasure is there.

The *Esperanza* was wrecked, evidently on the Scarborough Shoals, now identified as Palmyra Island. (See Findlay's "North Pacific Pilot.") Palmyra has been often visited and people have even resided there for various periods, but no one imagined that a vast amount of wealth was buried there.

Connor's account of the place exactly tallies with the latest survey of the island; the time occupied in getting there, its being on the direct track to Macao, all seem to give a certain amount of credibility to his romantic tale.

Palmyra and its outlying shoals resemble the pearl fishing grounds on the

Sculptures for West Pediment of Capitol at Washington

WIDESPREAD interest among artists has been aroused by the recent arrival from Paris of Paul Bartlett, the sculptor, bringing the casts from which the sculptures for the pediment of the west wing of the Capitol at Washington will be carved. This interest the public in general will doubtless share, for the

Paul Bartlett's Noteworthy Achievement in the Casts He Has Just Brought to America

revolved, and in addition to all the other historical records of which it stands as an epitome, it echoes in a remarkable and accurate manner the growth of the taste for art in this country. Its sculptural embellishment was late in coming, and when it did begin was fraught with so many accidents that the Congressional enthusiasts for art became discouraged, the public became cold and several earnest sculptors' hearts were broken.

For all that it is an astonishing fact that the great pediment of the west wing of the facade, the pediment for that portion of the edifice given over to the House of Representatives, should have remained empty and undecorated all these years. Thomas Crawford, who died in 1857, did the pediment for the Senate end of the Capitol. He died before the completion of his work, which was put in place by others. It has never been admired by connoisseurs, and the sculptures for the middle pediment, done by an Italian sculptor, are still more unfortunate.

It was due as much to the discouragement of Congress over these artistic failures as it was to the necessary diversion of the public moneys into more strictly practical channels in the great building up process that was made necessary by the ravages of the civil war that the completion of the Capitol decoration was so long delayed. It is not generally known that the middle portion of the Capitol with its pediment is not of marble like the rest of the building but is of limestone, painted.

It is also not quite in scale to the remainder of the Capitol and is too close in, giving the appearance of being too much under the dome. There has always been the plan to make the alterations in it necessary to bring it into scale and it may yet be undertaken.

To design, carve and erect so great a piece of sculpture as this pediment of Bartlett's requires time. It was four years ago that the Congress committee awarded the commission to this sculptor and it will require two or three years yet before the figures can be carved in marble and put in place. It is eighty feet long and ten feet high at the middle. Not all of the models are yet complete—none of the illustrations is from a sketch; but all of the models are to be ready within a year. In the meantime the carving of the marbles from the models just brought to this country will be begun.

As it is to be over the House of Rep-

steel workers and other laborers have been used with frank but not precisely photographic realism. There has been the necessity in the arbitrary space of the pediment to secure rhythm to hold it together. The great realism would bring the sculptures out of relationship with the architecture. It has been necessary for the sculptor to "speak in the vernacular" of the classic architecture of the building he is decorating.

The making of sculptures for such an architectural enclosure as a pediment is about as difficult an artistic problem as a sculptor is called upon to face. The diminishing angle of the pediment forces the designer to double up his figures or make them sprawl flat in order to get them into the lessening space, and the great danger to the inexperienced artist is that those figures will lose the effect of nature and appear as if they were bending their heads merely to keep within the lines of the pediment.

Bartlett has very successfully evaded this pitfall, and has in fact solved interestingly another technical difficulty peculiar to the Capitol itself. The majority of people approaching the building will make for the middle entrance. This pediment over the House of Representatives will therefore be seen by them from the side.

A pediment is ordinarily supposed to be seen from the front only, and it by chance it is viewed differently its lines take disagreeable distortions. Bartlett has modeled his figures, therefore, with what artists call big side planes, so that the side view, which at the Capitol will be so important, will be harmonious and intelligible.

Paul Bartlett, the designer of this pediment, was born in New Haven, the son of Truman Bartlett of Boston, who was a sculptor before him. He has a long record of achievement and is distinguished as a "personage."

His greatest works heretofore have been the statues of Michelangelo and Columbus in the Congressional Library in Washington and the equestrian statue to Lafayette, which stands in the most coveted position in all Paris, the court of the Louvre, in that inner garden, facing the main entrance to the museum. This monument, for which the school children of America contributed \$50,000, was erected in honor of the Paris exposition of 1900.

The sculptor received his training in France, having gone to Paris with his mother as a boy. He made his entrance into the Salon at the age of 14 and in the same year entered the Beaux Arts. In addition to the regular and severe training of the ateliers he also managed to attend a series of lectures upon animal sculpture directed by Fremet, which apparently had a strong bearing upon his subsequent career, for animals have played an important part in his work.

The first group to win official recognition for him was his "Bohemian Bear Tamer," of which a bronze replica is owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The Michelangelo in the gallery of the library at Washington is much admired for its strong virile quality and easily dominates the other statues in the rotunda.

Speaking of the all around attitude toward his work of Paul Bartlett, the late Jean Carries, the French potter sculptor, said:

"He reminds me of one of those artists of the Renaissance who had nothing but art in view and in mind; of those artists who, jealous of the perfection of their work, would not think of leaving anything of it, however menial, to be done by other hands, who were masters of a foundry as well as of a studio and so whom the smallest details to embellish a work of art were as important as the conception."

"In ancient times it was thought natural for an artist to be an architect and at the same time a sculptor, as the Goths were; for artists to sculpting in marble and stone and be able to cast in bronze, like Donatello, or to be a jeweller, sculptor and founder, like Michelangelo."

"Bartlett spends his days in his studio, in his foundry, not only giving life to his conceptions and modelling them in clay, but after the selection of the material it is he who cuts and chisels. His works like the ancient artisan who spent days locked up in his studio to discover an artistic effect which to the casual observer may pass unnoticed, but which to future connoisseurs may establish not only the lasting reputation of the artist but elevate a national art."

Anticipating the Inevitable

GERMAN lessons were the bane of little Elizabeth's existence. But her aunt, who had just raised her education in Germany and was acting as her tutor, was determined her favorite niece should master the German language in her kindergarten days. A well behaved little girl was Elizabeth as a rule, but when occasional outbursts of temper called for punishment, one method used, and one that to the child's peculiar reasoning seemed refinement of cruelty, was to compel her to go to her room and say her prayers in German. That punishment always called forth tears and protests.

One afternoon while she was poring over a child's book in the German and failing to understand a little story she was reading Elizabeth was surprised to see the usually obedient Elizabeth rip the leaves from the book, tear them into strips and throw them angrily aside as she burst into tears.

"I just couldn't help it," sobbed Elizabeth; "that German is so hard I couldn't make anything out of it. My spouse Aunt Mandy Hollis will be angry though I love it so very much. I reckon I'll have to say those German prayers twice as many times. I might as well do it now as any time."

Rushing to her mother's room Elizabeth knelt solemnly at the side of the lounge and between sobs twice recited the German prayers. Rising and wiping away her tears, she said to her astonished mother, who had seen nothing of the outbreak of temper:

"There, mamma, dear, I've been very naughty and I wish you'd tell Aunt Mandy Hollis when she comes back that I've took my punishment twice with her dam old German prayers."



Central figure in Paul Bartlett's sculptures for the pediment of the west wing of the Capitol.



Unfinished sketch by Paul Bartlett for pediment of west wing.

Full particulars of this pirate vessel are to be found in a neat volume published by Thrum & Co., entitled "Early Northern Pacific Voyagers," by Peter Corney.

It seems by a fortunate coincidence the King had a cargo of rum just arrived which he carefully bottled off. On the arrival of the pirate ship, rum being evidently in demand, his price was one coin per bottle.

As soon as all their silver coin was expended the pirates produced five peso

native, they had to give way. Soon there was nothing but doubloons—still one coin, one bottle. Then came the bar silver.

During a visit to Victoria, B. C., I picked up an old London magazine which contained an account of the visit to Hawaii of the *Santa Rosa* and later the *Argentina*. I was so much interested in the account that at my request Mr. Thrum published the volume; it called to mind Mr. Dowsett's amusing tale of "one coin, one bottle of rum"

north coast of Australia, Thursday Island and being the entrepot for the pearl fishing fleet, which practically is or was in the hands of the Japanese. There are a few coconut trees, but as for fish, a deckload of the finest description can be caught in an hour.

Here, I think, is a fair chance for somebody to enter into a speculation. Should no treasure be found, by taking good divers along a most profitable business in other ways could be inaugurated.

photographs of Mr. Bartlett's models show that it is not only to be one of his most ambitious works but one of the most important sculptural undertakings of the day in this country.

The Capitol, it is almost unnecessary to say, is unquestionably our proudest architectural possession, and it ranks by common consent among the noblest buildings of the world. For more than a century it has been the pivot about which the fortunes of the country have

representatives Bartlett sought in his subject to symbolize democracy and the spirit of the people of the United States, so he chose as his main theme "Peace Protecting Genius," which gave him the chance to interpret the poetry of the working people, "who are, after all," the sculptor says, "the main geniuses of this country." One side of the pediment is pastoral, with cattle, sheep and agricultural symbols, and the other is given to the mechanics, particularly the steel workers.

The homely, simple costumes of the